Sailing Towards Byzantium

Wind turning, your
scrawny craft upper-
 cut. How come

you didn’t sense
it early? Since
 cues are eternal-

ly there in water
and in air, angles

of the sun, vapory
intimations, sounds

  displacing their
    pre-echos.

    A wrench-
  ing, solitary
  cloud, your

    lover’s eyes
  gnawing the moon.